

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.
FALMOUTH HALL.
BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Alhamed had gone on his courser fleet
From his towers old and gray,
And the lady Camilla, the pale and sweet
Had knelt in the turret to pray.
'Twas just a year at the summer's tide,
And now was the leaflet's fall,
Since that lovely Lady, a blushing bride,
In the graceful beauty of matron pride,
First came to the Falmouth Hall.
Alhamed hath still to his vows been true
As the maids of the castle say;
But cold as the sleet were his words, and few,
As he mounted his charger and fleetly flew
From the hall of his sires away.
Hath he gone to the field of holy war?
He hath no helmet nor sword nor star,
That badge of the high-souled Knight;
And when will he tighten his flowing rein
At the gate of the Falmouth Hall again,
And the heart of his bride be light?
'Twas the middle watch by the Falmouth clock,
And thrice to its striking answered the cock,
As loudly as cock may crow;
When a voice to my Lady did sweetly call,
Who lovingly bent from the castle wall,
As if to her lord below!
'Twas the middle watch of the chilly night
In the time of the leaflet's fall,
When my Lady appeared in her robes of white,
And the watch-dog woke as in sudden fright,
And howled from the Falmouth Hall.
But the tale may be of the lowly born,
For the lip of the lady was curled in scorn
At the breath of the lightest word;
Tho' the picture that lay on her heart at morn
Was not her absent lord!
And they of the Falmouth castle say
Alhamed perished in battle fray,
For a bird with a blood-red plume,
Oft came in the mists of the morning gray
Where the ancient lord of the castle lay,
And sang on the cross of the tomb.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.
I SAID FAREWELL!
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I said farewell—and while I spoke
A thousand thoughts rushed on my brain;
A thousand scenes seemed to revoke
The word:—I said farewell, again.
And then before me rose the past,—
The past of joys which now were dead;
Gone, as the chaff upon the blast—
As happy dreams at waking—fled.
With me it was no hasty thought
To try thee, lady, that I spoke;
By days of anguish it was wrought,—
I FELT thy vows to me were broke.
I felt—and to my inmost heart
That word spoke volumes none may tell;
It was the sound to bid us part,—
Of all my then bright hopes, the knell.
Were we to live a thousand years,
Thou never couldst regain thy spell:
To all thy smiles, thy sighs or tears,
I'd say, as I have said—farewell.

Original Tale.

THE UNKNOWN COUNTESS;
OR, CRIME AND ITS RESULTS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF THE "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," "SECRET ROBBER," "SILVER-BIRD," "HELLENA ASHTON," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Dark was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar.—[PERCY.

It was a dark, dreary night on the 18th of November, 18—, as the clock of old St. Paul's chimed forth the hour of eleven; the wind moaned piteously among the roofs and chimneys of the houses, or swept past the dimly-lighted and almost deserted streets of New York, with a howl, that made those within feel thankful they were safely housed, and those without to draw their cloaks more closely, and press eagerly forward in the hope of soon obtaining a shelter. Signs creaked, shutters groaned as they swung to and fro, doors and windows rattled, while the rain beat against them with all the fury of a cold Autumnal storm.

The guardians of the city had already forgotten their nocturnal rounds, in the (to them) more important matters of self, and were snugly ensconced in their old favorite corners, dreaming of the duties they should have been performing.

Before a bright blazing fire, which seemed even more so, contrasted with the cold, dismal aspect without, in a finely furnished apartment of a large building standing near what is now called "City Hall Place," sat a dark-complexioned man, of the middling size, apparently about thirty years of age. At the moment he is introduced to the reader, his chair was leaning back, supported in its position by his feet, which were placed against the fender—his head bent forward, resting on his left hand, in a manner so as to shade his face, seemingly in a deep study.

As the clock of St. Paul's tolled the hour of eleven, he started from his recumbent position, revealing, as he did so, a countenance little calculated to prepossess a stranger in his favor, had there been one present. His face was somewhat of an oval shape—his features regular, well formed, and withal rather handsome, but for a dark sinister expression which they conveyed, and a slight sneering smile hovering around his upper lip, engrossing the little beauty there in the more powerful trait of character developed. His forehead was about the medium height, a little sloping toward the back of the head, surrounded by dark brown hair, parted carelessly from the left, and falling off each way in negligent profusion. His eyes were black and piercing, shaded by dark, heavy brows, at this moment contracted into a sullen frown, resulting, evidently, from some dark thoughts then passing through his mind. His mouth was rather diminutive in size; his lips thin and compressed, and, when taken all in all, the whole expression conveyed was such as is seen only in the most accomplished villains.

His cloak, which was thrown across a chair, from which the water was dripping—his boots, drawn and laid before the fire, together with the steam arising from various parts of his dress, were indications of his having been out in the late storm.

In a chair to the right, within reaching distance, was a small box, the lid of which was thrown back, displaying a motley assortment of vials, papers, &c., bearing Latin inscriptions, interspersed with pill-boxes, denoting his profession, which was that of an M. D.

After raising his head, he sat for a moment with his eyes fixed on the fire, then muttering "it must be done," he leaned forward, dropped his feet from the fender, and struck his knee with his clenched fist, as if by way of giving force to his assertion. Then pausing for a moment, he resumed—"And yet

I do not exactly like the business. I would there were some other way. Pshaw! What is it? Only one spasm, and all is over; and what physician does not kill more or less every year?" And as this seemed to be a satisfactory argument, which he had carried on with himself—for there was no other person present—he reached forth his hand and drew the before mentioned box to him. Here fumbling for a moment, he drew forth a small paper, containing some poisonous drug, and closing the box, returned it to its former place. "This," continued he, holding it towards the light, while a dark smile flitted over his countenance—"this will accomplish my purpose. Now, let me see, how shall I manage it?" and rising from his chair, he commenced pacing the room. "Ah! I have it!" exclaimed he, after a pause of some minutes, during which he had walked hurriedly to and fro; "I have it!" and returning to the fire, he was about resuming his seat, when a ring from the bell connected with the street made him alter his determination, and proceeding at once to the door, he opened it, giving admittance to a figure closely muffled in a hood and cloak, which strode directly past him and approached the fire, throwing off as it did so the above mentioned garments, and revealing the thin, pale features of a woman of twenty-five.

"Ha, Mary!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a start, closing the door and walking directly in front of her; "what brings you here in a night like this?"

"I come from my mistress," was the reply.

"And what of your mistress?" asked he quickly.

"She is dying and has sent for you."

"Dying!" muttered he; "thank Heaven I have saved my dose!" Then turning to Mary, "Art sure she's dying, girl?" and he grasped her arm and looked steadily in her face.

"Ay, as sure as I am"—you're a villain, she was about to reply, but thinking it not exactly prudent, she checked the expression, and merely said, "as sure as I am here."

"Well, then," returned the Doctor, "if she is dying, of course my skill cannot save her, and, as it is a little windy out, why you may return, and tell her I'M VERY much obliged for her invitation, but think for the present I will remain within." As he said this a slight sneer for a moment curled his lip, and resuming his seat by the fire, he requested her not to disturb his evening meditations.

"And do you refuse to go?" said Mary, indignantly.

"Most assuredly I do, my pretty one," replied he, coolly.

"Villain! coward!" exclaimed the other, with a vehemence that made him start, "Is this your treatment of one whom you have ruined; and does your cowardly soul shrink from meeting the victim of your damnable treachery? For shame! for shame!"

"Softly, girl—softly; remember where you are," put in the Doctor.

"Oh, that I were a man," continued she, without heeding the interruption, "if it were only to chastise such inhuman monsters as YOU!"

"Cease!" ejaculated the Doctor, in a tone of suppressed rage, springing from his seat, his face livid with passion, his eyes flashing with a demoniacal fury that made the other involuntarily start. "Cease, and do not rouse the tiger in his den, or," he added in another tone, while his features resumed their habitual calm, sneering smile, "I might have occasion to dispense with your agreeable company rather prematurely."

"Fool!" exclaimed the woman, passionately; "I see 'tis useless to bandy words with you."

"Spoken like yourself," returned he, ironically; "and as you are quite an adept in eventually arriving at the truth, have the goodness to return and present your mistress with my compliments. Tell her I should be extremely happy to call and see her, but the weather is so rough without that I must omit it, at least for the present."

"And can you, who call yourself a human being—can you be so lost to all moral feelings as to send such a message to a

dying woman, and one whom YOU—ha! you need not look so fierce—I repeat it, YOU have ruined, degraded, and brought to a premature death!"

"Leave the room, girl," said he, stamping his foot in rage. "How dare you speak to me in this manner!"

"DARE?" repeated she, scornfully. "Who speaks of DARE? Think you to frighten me? No! Were you a hundred times the fiend you are, I would tell you so!"

"Leave the room!" again repeated he, in a voice of thunder, his passion getting complete mastery of him.

"I shall go when I please," said she, haughtily, drawing herself up to her full height.

"I will stand this insolence no longer. Go! peaceably, if you will—if not, by force you shall!"

"Until I have had my say, I move not an inch, though you were ten times what you seem."

"Ha! say you so?" exclaimed he, springing towards her like a tiger bounding upon his prey.

"Hold!" cried she fiercely, in a tone that made him pause; "for if you do but lay hands on me, by the heavens above us I swear to plunge this to your heart's core!" And drawing a dagger from the folds of her dress as she spoke, she brandished it before his eyes. The Doctor, evidently not prepared for this, started back in amazement. "Ha, coward! you thought I was unarmed, did you? You should have known me better than to think I would venture into the presence of such a scoundrel without some means of securing me from violence, if not insult. People generally go armed when they visit the TIGER's den—do they not?" This last was said tauntingly, but ere he had time to reply, she resumed in a more serious tone—"You have refused the request of a dying woman—one, too, whom you have basely and treacherously dishonored. Now mark me"—and she raised her finger, speaking in a low, distinct voice: "I know her well, and if you would not have all the curses of Hell invoked upon your guilty head, you must see her within half an hour. Ha! you start—turn pale—you tremble! REMEMBER, I have said!" and resuming her cloak and hood, she abruptly left the room.

The Doctor, for a moment, seemed stupified with horror, so much had her last words and manner affected him; for, like most all great villains, he was a coward at heart, and Mary adopted the only course that would have gained her purpose. Recovering himself, he muttered, "I must go." Drawing on his boots rather hastily, and wrapping his cloak, which was still wet, about him, he rang a small bell, and, as the servant entered, bade him await his return, stating he had a call to which he must attend, and proceeding to the door, he was soon lost in the darkness of the night, buffeting with the storm.

CHAPTER II.

There jealous Fury drowns in blood the fire
That sparkled in the eye of young Desire;
And lifeless Love lets merciless Despair
From his crush'd frame his bleeding pinions tear.

[HAYLEY.]

That part of New York lying between two of its greatest thoroughfares, viz: Bowery and Broadway, in and about the vicinity known as the "Five Points," presents at the present day a scene of the utmost degradation and misery. Those who have never visited this part of the city can have but a faint conception of the wretchedness which there exists. The houses (if such they can be called) are for the most part of low, wooden structure, and, to judge by their appearance, have stood for more than a century. They are fast sinking to decay, and already in many places, the timbers having rotted away, the buildings have settled, thereby leaning the upper parts in a manner so as to appear in the act of falling.

The windows present a motley assortment of boards, tin, glass, and old cast-off garments. The doors, as they swing on their rusty iron hinges, send forth harsh, discordant sounds, altogether in keeping with the wretchedness of the place.

They are the abodes of human beings sunk in the lowest grades (for there are grades even in this) of filth and debauchery, lost to all moral or virtuous feelings, eking out a miserable existence, their voices cracked and harsh, loaded with obscene jests, oaths and blasphemies of the most infamous character. Many of them in the winter season are without food or fire, with barely garments sufficient to cover their nakedness, and not unfrequently do they die of starvation.

Yes, reader, 'tis no idle assertion: in that great emporium, known as New York, Queen of this western world, while the glittering carriage of some wealthy aristocrat is rolling over the pavements of Broadway, the sound of its wheels are, per-

haps, grating harshly on the ear of some poor human being who is dying for the want of food. However startling these things may seem to one unacquainted with such scenes, they are, we regret to say it, too true.

If there was not so much of misery and destitution at the time of which we write, it was owing, undoubtedly, to the population being far less, and of course these dens of infamy were not as densely crowded as at the present day. Still then, as well as now, they were the haunts of dissipation, where crime threw off the mask and stalked boldly abroad, the hideous, but acknowledged monarch of these fallen beings.

From time immemorial such things have existed, and down to the end of time they will undoubtedly continue (unless mankind should become regenerated either by the Millenium, Fourierism, Millerism, or some other ism,) wherever there is a population like New York; and as there has as yet been found no remedy, they have become to be considered as among the necessary evils contingent upon the human race. As such we must beg leave to consider them, and pass on without further comment.

In a narrow, filthy alley, winding in a serpentine manner among several blocks of low, dingy buildings, not far distant from the "Five Points," stood, at the time of which we write, a two-story wooden building, of somewhat better appearance than its neighbors, but evidently the abode of poverty. At the same hour which opens our tale in the preceding chapter, from a small patched window in the second story of this building, might be seen a faint light, indicating its being inhabited.

To this, then, we must transport the reader, without any of those flourishes attendant upon a performer of magic, but in a car of an instant's creation, riding the air with the speed of thought, and known by the name of Fancy. Passing at once up a flight of narrow, creaking stairs, and turning to the left, we open a crazy door, through the crevices of which a faint light is struggling, as if with an effort to overcome the darkness, and enter the room already mentioned.

Lying on a miserable pallet, in one corner of this apartment, and literally covered with rags—her head resting on her left hand, with her elbow inclined downwards, in a manner so as to support it with as much ease as possible—was a woman, in what might be termed the prime of life. From the outlines of her features, she might once have been handsome; but whatever she might have been, no beauty was there now. Her cheeks were thin, pale and sunken; her eyes wild, even to madness, and glared about with a maniacal fury that told the wreck of all earthly hopes; her hair, loose and dishevelled, clustered about her face and neck; and at this moment her features were distorted, as if with pain, while the death-rattle in her throat announced the misery of life to be near its final close. The tempest, without, raged with a tremendous fury, making the house rock on its foundations, while the wind rushed through here and there a crevice, with a low, moaning sound, well suited to the gloom within.

Standing near the bed, with her face turned towards the sufferer, was a female, enveloped in a long, dark mantle and hood, from the former of which the water was dripping and forming little puddles on the floor, denoting her late arrival from without. A few paces distant from where she stood was a small trundle bed, on which lay a child—happily too young to be conscious of its misery—locked in the sweet embraces of sleep. A few indispensable articles, one or two broken chairs, a rough table, on which burnt a small tallow candle, completed the furniture of the apartment.

"And what said he, Mary?" inquired the invalid to some previous conversation which had passed between her and the other.

"He refused," was the reply.

"Refused?" repeated the woman, raising herself still more in the bed, her eyes glaring fiercely. "Refused, said you?"

"Even so."

"And—did you tell him all?" said she, breathlessly.

"I did."

"And what said he then?"

"I waited not for his reply, but left him pale and trembling."

"Then he will come," returned the invalid; "nothing like working upon his fears;" and as she spoke with evident exertion, she sank back upon the bed completely exhausted.

For a few minutes neither spoke; the sufferer was the first to break silence. "Hark!" exclaimed she, springing up suddenly, "I hear his step already on the stairs!" and the next moment the door opened and a middle sized man, wrapped in a cloak, strode into the room and approached the bed.

"Well, Edward Barton, you have come at last," said the dying woman, glancing upon him with her fire-like eyes.

"Yes, I have come," returned the Doctor—for the reader will at once recognize that it was he—"and I would fain know WHY I have come. Why have I been sent for in a night like this?"

"The first, because you feared to stay away; the last, to see me die!" replied the other, in a deep, hollow voice.

"And could not you DIE as well without my being present?"

"No! I would have you witness the misery you have created."

"If this is ALL, I may as well return," said the Doctor, sneeringly.

"'Tis NOT all," returned she, with emphasis, raising herself in bed and pointing to where the child lay sleeping. "Look there!"

"And what of that?" inquired he, unable to comprehend her meaning.

"There sleeps my child—my sweet, innocent child. I would fain have it provided for when I am gone, and you, Edward, must be its guardian."

"Me?" exclaimed he, in amazement. "Me be its guardian?"

"Ay! Edward Barton MUST, and swear to protect it!"

"And what if I refuse?"

"You dare not."

"Say you so? Then know I DO refuse."

"Refuse!" screamed she, her eyes glaring still more wildly, and raising her right hand. "Refuse! Then may all the direst curses of —"

"Hold!" cried he; "do not curse me! Sooner than that, I will take the oath."

"Then swear," said she, "in the sight of Heaven, as God shall be your judge, and as you hope for salvation, to honor, cherish and protect that child, called Marianne La Roix."

"I swear."

"And," continued she, in a kind of prophetic voice, "as you fulfil your sacred vow, so may your past crimes be forgiven. But if you disregard it, may your life be a life of penury and woe, loathed by your own kind, an outcast upon the world, abhorred by yourself, and your death a death of infamy and disgrace. So invoke I the powers of darkness to see it fulfilled." As she ceased, she sank back completely exhausted; while the storm-rocked house seemed to groan to its very centre, as if in witness of this solemn invocation. For a few minutes no one spoke, and the moaning wind and the rushing storm were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the chamber of death.

During this time the invalid seemed to recover her strength, and with much effort she again raised herself in bed; but the unwonted fire of her eyes was gone, and its place was the fixed, dull, glassy look of death. "Water—water," she murmured, in a faint and almost inaudible voice, while she reached forth her hand and seemed beckoning to some one at a distance. Water was quickly given her by Mary, who, since the entrance of the Doctor, had remained a silent spectator of the whole proceedings. This revived her, and she said, in a low, but distinct voice, "Where is my child?"

"Here," replied Mary, walking at once to where the child lay sleeping, throwing off her cloak as she did so, and, raising it in her arms, she brought it to the side of its mother. It was a sweet little thing, of three years, and, opening and rubbing its eyes, looked first at Mary and then at the sufferer, and murmured, "mother."

"Give it me—give it me!" cried the dying woman, almost frantic, and supporting her while she did so, Mary placed the child in her arms. Covering it with kisses, in which the icy chill of death already mingled, she pressed it to her bosom again and again, with all the fond and passionate devotion of a mother.

"Alas, Marianne! I must leave you," said she, struggling to be calm.

"Leave me?" repeated the child, in a soft, sweet voice, not comprehending its mother's meaning.

"Yes, Marianne, I am dying."

"Dying?" again repeated the child.

"Yes, my dear—you will never see me again."

"Mother!" exclaimed Marianne, passionately, the tears starting in her little eyes, at the same time nestling to her bosom, where she clung as if in fear of being torn away.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried the dying woman, wringing her hands in agony; "I could have borne anything but this!" while the tears streamed down Mary's face, and even the Doctor, who stood as if rooted to the spot, seemed also somewhat affected. In a moment she regained her former calmness, and in a low, tremulous voice, said—

"Edward, to you I now resign the last tie of affection that could bind me to this world. Remember your oath."

At the altered voice of her mother the girl again looked up, and in the same sweet voice, said—

"You will not leave me, mother?"

"I must, my child."

"But you will come back again?"

"No, I can never come back," said she, her voice choked with emotion.

"Then what will become of little Marianne?" said the child—an appellation often used by her mother.

"That gentleman," pointing to the Doctor, "will take care of you; you must be his child."

Marianne turned, and fastening her eyes upon the Doctor, drew back with an instinctive shudder. Nestling still closer to her mother, she exclaimed—

"No, no, no! I can never be his child. I will go with you!"

"I would to God you could," murmured she, faintly gasping for breath.

Mary, who now saw she was in the last struggles of death, eased her down and took Marianne from her arms—not, however, without considerable reluctance on the part of the child.

"Mary," said the feeble voice of the dying woman, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, "come here."

"I am here—what is your wish?"

"Come nearer—I cannot see you."

Mary now came close to the bed, and took the invalid's hand in her own. It was already cold.

"Stoop down," said she; and as Mary bent over her, she continued—"If that man should forget his oath, you will sometimes look after my child, will you not?"

"I will," replied the other, squeezing her hand.

"God bless you," she sighed, faintly struggling for breath; then partly raising herself in bed, she gasped, "Ma-ri-anne"—the name died on her lips.

"Mother," said the child.

Alas! poor thing! Its mother could never answer it again. She sank back—dead! The storm howled on—she heeded it not—she was dead! The struggles and trials of life (and, poor woman, they had been many with her) were now over. She had fallen a prey to misfortune—she had tasted of the bitter cup—ay, and drained it to its very dregs. But her account, whether for good or bad, was now closed—sealed till the great day of Judgment.

When the Doctor returned that night, the servant was much surprised on perceiving with him a small child. Curiosity was much excited within him to know whence it came, and for what purpose it was there; but knowing his master was not one of the most amiable persons in the world, he deemed it the most prudent course to be silent and have patience, and therefore received his orders passively, which were to have the child well taken care of, call it Marianne, and ask no questions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Essays.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

THE HARMONIES OF THE MORAL WORLD.

BY AUGUSTUS.

When we contemplate the order of nature in any or all of its departments, we are struck with the sublime simplicity and delightful harmony which are every where seen. If we look upon the earth and behold the ceaseless round of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, each coming at its appointed time and in its proper place, and each bringing its appropriate joys and blessings, we cannot fail to perceive the harmony of the seasons and the ordinance of their Maker.

If we look still further into their harmony, we shall discover that one season prepares the way for its successor; that if the balmy spring with its gentle rains, its beauteous buds and flowers came not, summer with its burning heat and ripening power would find no place; and if summer came not, the blessed autumn with its rich and golden stores would fail, and "pale concluding winter" would indeed "shut the scene," and ruin and chaos come again. And if winter came not, with his icy breath and his snowy mantle, the gentle spring would die, and his flowers and buds never come again. If we look at the harmony and order nature displays in the production of the smallest portion of her varied stores, how the little seed no larger than a grain of sand contains all the essentials of the future plant, how that the moist earth, and gentle rain, and genial sun cause it to expand and shoot forth, how that

first comes the blade, then the bud, then the flower, and finally, as the end of all these, the fruit;—if we look at all these, we again see a development of the harmony by which nature's laws are regulated and maintained.

Or, if we look above to the starry heights, order and harmony are conspicuous. The mighty globes that ceaseless whirl in their eternal path and continuously urge themselves on to their fixed and accustomed destiny, present a most sublime proof of the harmony of the skies. Age after age they roll on in undiminished brilliancy and power, and

"Circle round the eternal throne."

forever wheeling in the same orbit and hastening to the same end. They "quarrel" not, but in their quietness and glory each rolls on in its course and passes to its destined place. Order and harmony are there;—each fills its appointed place and meets its appointed time, and the end of their being is accomplished.

From the above, and reflections of a similar character, we might infer, to say the least of it, that the order and harmony of God's creation extends not only to the inanimate and irrational, but to the intelligent and animate part of his works. But is it so? Do we find in the intelligent portion of his works, the harmony manifested in the irrational and inanimate creations of his hand? In particular, do we find among men the order and harmony so conspicuous in the other works of the Divine power? From what glimpses we are able to catch of angelic nature, and of the beings who have their existence in a state of higher excellence than this, we are able to infer, that they live in a continual exemplification of the harmonies of a moral world. Their feelings, if they have such as ours, are all harmonized. Ambition, and pride, and avarice, and envy, and strife are not known among them; but serenely and quietly their hearts move on in the appointed course and fulfil the end of their being. Each one's heart harmonizes with the laws which govern its peculiar being, and they all live on, in the eternal interchange of the love and glory consequent upon a state where disorder is not, and where change is not known.

It is not so in this world. Disorder and the want of harmony are prevailing evils. In extent, they embrace the human family. None are exempt. From the loftiest intellect, to the mind apparently little removed from irrationality, from the highest station of pride or place, to the lowest seat of humble life, disorder and the want of harmony are seen and realized in the hearts and lives of the human race. It is true of individuals as such, and it is true of individuals associated, whether for family, social or political purposes. Whether disorder and confusion were originally the attendants of man's existence, we wait not now to discuss. Theologians have differed upon this subject, and who shall decide "when doctors disagree?" Their very discussions upon the subject are ample proof of the want of harmony among them.

It is enough for me, to know that confusion does exist. The reasons of that confusion may take up a separate paper. I said confusion does exist, whether we contemplate man as an individual, or as associated with others of the same species. Let us for a moment contemplate the relations which have a more particular application to man as an individual, the duties which grow out of these relations, and the want of harmony manifested in the conduct and heart of the man.

We may say, generally, that the laws which govern his physical being and the duties which grow out of his relationship with physical existence, are unperformed and disobeyed. In like manner, the laws which govern and the duties which grow out of his relationship to spiritual existence, are disregarded; and the laws which should control his moral nature, his affections and passions, and the duties growing out of his relations to moral existence, are likewise left undone and cast aside. The physical relations and duties of man, have reference to the means by which that existence may be perpetuated and made happy. The means by which health of physical being may be enjoyed, and the laws which govern its powers have been disregarded. Not to be too prolix, we ask where is the one who has constantly performed "all and singular" the duties which grow out of our physical relationships? Can any be found who has not exerted himself beyond his strength, who has never eaten, or drank, or slept too much, who has invariably pursued that course which the laws which govern his physical being, made imperative?

Or where is the one who has never been guilty of such violations of these laws and duties, as have resulted in a reflex action upon the intellectual and moral being? Has not the nice and beautiful contrivance by which mind acts upon the body been many times abused? and in consequence of the

wilful or ignorant enervation of the physical being, has not the intellectual been suffered to remain inactive, or what is worse, had its powers blunted and stupified? Have not the continual violations of the laws of physical nature, in many instances, completely, at least to all human appearance, destroyed the intellectual and moral energies, and made man the sport of bodily appetites, too degrading to be named? Alas! how are the mighty often shorn of their strength, and intellect and honor trampled in the dust by lawless desires, and degrading sensuality!

This subject will be continued.

WAS IT MIRAGE?

A correspondent of the New York Mirror, writing from Rockaway, July 22d, relates a singular circumstance as follows:

"At an elevation of some five and twenty degrees from the horizon, and in a direction about S. S. E. from where I sat, I perceived dimly traced on the arched canopy, a spiral movement like a minute column of smoke curling DOWNWARD. Startled and puzzled at so curious a phenomenon, I looked about me for a moment to assure myself that I was not dreaming, and then again carefully examining the object that first surprised me, I saw with perfect distinctness the undulating waves of the ocean bearing a tiny vessel reversed and on fire! In other words, without seeking for or thinking of such a thing, I inadvertently discovered what I have so often read about, and so much longed to see:—the looming of the sea on the sky, which gives a distinct reflection of the water at a distance beyond the line of the horizon and shows all objects floating on its surface, reversed or top downward. I held my breath for a time, and gazed at this exciting spectacle in speechless wonder and admiration, until 'an envious cloud' shut it out from my view; and when, after an interval of some 15 minutes, the cloud passed over, the smoke, the vessel, and the sea itself, had all disappeared. If I were a poet I think I could do up some very taking verses on this new theme; on the one hand, describing the facts as no one but a poet can describe; and, on the other, speculating as no one but a poet can speculate on the name, country, history, and fate of the luckless barque and her crew."

It is a curious coincidence, says the Mirror, that on Monday of last week, the schooner Monteo, trading between Washington, S. C., and Boston, was destroyed by fire. A Baltimore pilot boat fell in with her and rescued the crew.

"A FLOWER IN THE DESERT."

Here is a beautiful incident related by an officer at Matamoros, in a letter to a friend in Providence, which reminds us that—

In the desert there still is a fountain,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing!

Our army were marching into Matamoros, and the officer writes:

"There was a little incident occurred which contrasted so forcibly with what was going on around me, that I could not but be struck by it.

"Under a tree just on the river bank, and at the point where the bustle and throng of the passage was the greatest, a family of Mexicans had taken shelter, who had re-crossed to our side the day before, and had not had time to move to their homes. There were some six or eight children of various ages; one of these a beautiful, black-eyed, graceful little creature of five or six years. I saw her, while the tumult and toil of all description rang around, while arms were flashing, cannon rolling, men hurrying to and fro, horses dashing at wild speed, the air filled with shouts and oaths, and all was as if quiet and peace were banished from the earth, half sitting, half lying upon a grassy knoll, her head resting upon a white pet dove, and one little arm thrown around the bird as if to protect it from all harm."

What a lesson is taught here! What a picture for the painter and the poet! See innocence personified in that sweet child! See peace represented in that beautiful dove! How they stand out the bright, the glorious figures in that scene, where War with its array of banners and marshaled men, and gaudily dressed officers on caparisoned horses, fresh from the battle field, their hearts filled with the swelling thoughts of the victory they have won, and all glowing with the ambitious desire that becomes the heroes they have shown themselves to be—how that sweet child and beautiful dove shine with the light, that is from Heaven, in that scene, where war fills up and darkens all the back ground!

Secret Band of Brothers.

(Copy right secured according to Act of Congress.)

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES!

BY J. H. GREEN.

CHAPTER VI.

Here he stopped for a few minutes and then began to state the little trouble it would have given his friends to have aided him if they had felt disposed.

"But I am an invalid, and God knows, I do not deserve such treatment." (The reader may think it strange that such a man should call upon his Maker, especially when he reads the constitution of the secret conclave of which he was a member.—The phrase "God knows," was used often in his private conversation.) "These persons I have always considered my friends, and have never given them occasion to be any thing else. Finding however, that I had no hope from them and that I must stand my trial, I was willing to make use of other means. I therefore agreed to proposals made by the most wealthy of my friends, and yielded to their arrangements in order, if possible, to escape punishment. There was a man by the name of T. the same whose trial is now pending, whom they feared, and who was known to community as an accomplished villain. He was the person selected, upon whom it was designed to heap the burden of the guilt. By that means, the attention of our prosecutors would be diverted. The plan was set in operation and soon the infamy of T. was sounded from Maine to the confines of Texas. They had their agents in almost every city to help on the work. From the first, I had but little hope of success in this manoeuvre, but consented reluctantly to the trial. I was confident he had many enemies, and not without cause. Having been foiled in all my former plans, I now experienced the deepest anxiety. I was especially solicitous that as long a time should elapse as possible, before he was arrested. Some time after the report of his guilt, he was arrested and my brother promised to secure evidence to prove him guilty and likewise establish my innocence. It was also agreed by the committee of arrangement at that time, that I should take medicine upon a feigned sickness, in order to secure a change in my situation. In this way I could be removed to the Marine Hospital, when reported by the committee of health as being in danger. I was to appear ignorant of my brother's design, of which in truth I was. I took medicine, which had the desired effect. It made me desperately sick, producing excessive prostration. Application was made for my removal to the place where you now see me. Being conveyed hither, arrangements were made for my bail by my supposed friends. I was persuaded that I should continue in this state of unnatural disease from that time till the present. My brother carried on his treacherous part, and it required no little effort to convince community that T. was really guilty of what was charged upon himself. Although he was known to be a desperate man, yet the charges were of such a nature, it was most difficult to sustain them. My brother's main dependence was in the fraternity. He founded his hope of success upon a conceit of action among so many, apparently reputable witnesses. Some of them would be used in behalf of the state, and consequently receive regular pay for time and services, and at the same time, could employ a false testimony against T. Two objects could be thus secured; first they would be detained as witnesses and used as necessity required, and secondly be ready to make up my bail. My brother further gave community to understand that he would be able, by the production of certain papers, to convince them of all that had been rumored against T. For this end, a quantity of papers were forwarded to this city, among which were some bearing my name, that were mere business letters. The ordering these letters was not approved by me. It was a plan of my brother.—When it was discovered by several of my most intimate friends, they became alarmed, I was concerned in the affair. As the fraternity required by their constitution, that all letters should be returned at the request of the author permitting the holder to take a copy. It became my duty to comply with this requisition, whenever made. There was a great alarm. Many visited the city, with whom I had held correspondence, whose letters had never been returned. They learned as to the disposition that was to be made of the papers, and report said we were about to give each individuals name concerned, as we were intending to turn state's evidence. This accounts for the many different visitors you have

seen. You also saw several from Lawrenceburgh, and the very man, you said spoke so disrespectfully of me and gave you the long moral lecture, is here on the same purpose—the same individual you met two days since, whom you designated as having light hair."

I here found his strength would not permit him to pursue the narrative further, and upon his promising to resume and finish the subject the next day, I left the hospital.

CHAPTER VII.

In returning to my boarding house I was met by the black-leg pettifogger who treated me with great coldness. I met him again the next morning at the prison, and he treated me in like manner. But I was especially anxious to hear what more the Col. had to say, and hastened to his room. He began his account where he had left off.

"This man, who was dressed in disguise, was greatly alarmed, lest certain of his letters in the package should come to light, which had not been retained. He started for home, as stated by his son, but returned to secure his letters. You have witnessed the tremendous excitement which exists, the running to and fro and the many strange visitors that frequent my room. There is a cause for all this which I will now relate.

"My brother sent for those papers which, upon arrival, were submitted to his wife that she might select the most important to be produced as testimony in court against T. In accordance with directions, she examined them all and laid aside all the business letters, (meaning the package lost,) which in some way have been mislaid or stolen. These, you are accused of having taken and also, of having taken a note that was reached through the grate by my brother, as he supposed to his wife, but it proved to be some other person, and they suspected you as that one. They also charge you with giving information as to the man who gave you five hundred dollars, and also that he used my name, saying at the same time; 'If you will swear that money on T. I will make you a rich man, and that you concerted in this thing to act a deceitful part.'"

I replied: "I promised to take the money and swear according to directions, but it was not for any respect I had for the man who offered me a bribe, or the pecuniary compensation but for you and your brother."

"Green," said he, "have no respect for my brother. He has not an honest heart. He would betray his own father, and be sure that you refuse to do what the pettifogger has advised. (See a full account in Gambling Unmasked pages 83—96) Green, take care, or you will lose your life. You have enemies that watch you closely. They also watch me, but I cannot help myself, I wish you well and believe you innocent."

This last was uttered in a suppressed and pathetic tone, and I perceived his eye was intently fixed upon mine as if he would read in its expression the secret workings of my heart. I was determined he should not effect his purpose, and managed to evade his glances.

"I am aware of their foul intentions," continued he, "but know not how to evade it. Green, I have all confidence in you as an honest boy, and do not think you would do anything to injure me, but have thought you might have had a curiosity to know the contents of some of those letters and have mislaid them with the intention of giving them back when you had read them."

I again protested my innocence and solemnly declared I had no knowledge of the package.

"Then," exclaimed he "I am a doomed man. There is no hope and I will tell you the reason why."

"You know I have had many friends calling upon me, day by day, from all parts of the country. You have seen among them some of the most wealthy in the town of Lawrenceburgh. They are my sworn friends and all members of a Secret Society, which obligates each one under a most solemn oath to assist a brother member out of any difficulty, provided he has not violated his obligations. Now my brother has acted most imprudently in pledging himself to produce certain papers, and to bring other witnesses besides himself against T. These men were apprehensive that we had mutually laid a trap to expose the whole band. This has involved me in the most unjust crimination. I am subjected to the charge of conspiracy and hence you see how difficult it is to procure bail. It is true I have had promises from all parts of the Union, but my brother concerted, without reflecting upon the consequence of his conduct, to bring one thousand men if necessary, to this city, who would be ready to do any thing he might direct. These men were bretheren of the same

band, but of a lower order, none of whom were possessed of wealth or extended influence. The others who possessed both, were kept in silence, for fear of being betrayed, or proving false to the fraternity of which they were members.—That we are circumstanced as you see us at present, is not for the want of friends. They are abundant and powerful, we have them on sea and on land and they are ready to assist us out of any difficulty, and would do it in a moment if assured all was right on our part. You see the city is full of them.—many have come to secure their letters, which they knew were in my possession, and if exposed, would bring upon them certain ruin,—but alas! they have come too late. You will notice I have had no visitors, while I have been giving you this history. I told the physician to admit none but yourself. Be assured, Green, I have many friends, but they dare not act—they dare not help me and they dare not convict me. You may live to know the truth of what I am stating."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From Hine's Quarterly Journal and Review.

"I MARK THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

In fair Italia's classic land,
Deep in a garden bower,
A dial marks with shadowy hand,
Each sun illumin'd hour;
And on its fair unsullied face,
Is carved this flowing line,
(Some wandering Bard has paused to trace.)
"I mark the hours that shine."

Oh! ye who in a friend's fair face
Mark the defects alone,
Where many a sweet, redeeming grace
Doth for each fault atone;
Go! from the speaking dial learn
A lesson all divine,
From faults that wound your fancy turn,
"And mark the hours that shine."

When bending o'er the glowing page,
Traced by a god-like mind,
Whose burning thoughts, from age to age,
Shall light and bless mankind;
Why will ye seek 'mid gleaming gold
For dross in every line,
Dark spots upon the sun behold,
"Nor mark the hours that shine?"

Oh! ye who bask in Fortune's light,
Whose cups are flowing o'er,
Yet, through the weary day and night,
Still pine and sigh for more;
Why will ye, when so richly bless'd,
Ungratefully repine,
Why sigh for joys still unpossess'd,
"Nor mark the hours that shine?"

And ye who toil from morn till night
To earn your scanty bread,
Are there no blessings rich and bright,
Around your pathway spread?
The conscience clear, the cheerful heart,
The trust in love divine,
All bid desponding care depart,
"And mark the hours that shine."

And ye who bend o'er Friendship's tomb,
In deep and voiceless woe,
And sadly feel no second bloom,
Your blighted hearts can know;
Why will ye weep o'er severed ties,
When friends around you twine?
Go! yield your lost one to the skies,
"And mark the hours that shine."

Deep in the garden of each heart,
There stands a dial fair,
And often is its snowy chart
Dark, with the clouds of care.
Then go! and every shadow chase.
That dims its light divine;
And write upon its gleaming face,
"I mark the hours that shine."

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, AUGUST 19, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & Co's., 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

SUBSCRIBERS IN CINCINNATI.

Owing to the difficulty of procuring a faithful carrier, in Cincinnati, we shall be under the necessity, at present, of requesting our subscribers to call at our Publishing Office at BAILLIE & Co's., 104½, MAIN ST.—or, if preferable, at the Post Office. As soon as Mr. Green, the Publisher, returns (he being at the present time in Pa.) proper measures will be taken to have the papers promptly delivered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When the author of "Love at first sight," shall have sent the conclusion of "MONTROSE," we shall be able to judge of its merits.

"MORE DESULTORY THOUGHTS," by J. Milton Sanders, Esq., shall appear soon. We are always pleased to hear from this highly talented and popular writer. We can commend this article to our readers.

"TOO LATE,"—A tale. This comes to us written in the form of poetry, which the author intended for blank verse. The hero is an alleged murderer, "Sanctistan called," who is said cruelly and wickedly to have stabbed the "girl who loved him most."

"She was an only child—her father's pride

"He loved her better than the world beside."

Poor man!

"He rushed half distracted to the place and found

"His Adeline in agonies of death."

Well, "Sanctistan" was brought to the scaffold, and just exactly beheaded, as the TRUE assassin came rushing upon the scaffold—who cried,

"He's innocent! but 'twas TOO LATE."

Conscience smitten, he tells how he murdered the "fair young girl" entirely by mistake, supposing it to be his "hated rival," "Sanctistan." Now comes the grand closing scene:—

"Like angry thunders from below was heard

A maddening yell—"Revenge! Revenge!! Revenge!!!"

"Ye shall be satisfied," he smiling said,

And raised a knife at arm's length o'er his head.

One moment more—the glittering weapon fell

And soon Sanctistan's rival was in hell!"

The above graphic lines have been inserted as they emanated from the pen of the hopeful author, who states "confidentially," that his "seventeenth birth-day was last March." Well, genius "will out," as well as murder; but, seriously, we fear that our author is developing too rapidly—we had almost said prematurely, and we would earnestly advise him to betake himself, with renewed zeal to the careful study of the "Babes in the Wood," until he shall have gained more of the POETICAL as well as the TRAGIC spirit of that much admired juvenile poem.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

We perceive by our exchanges, that the War with Mexico is likely to subside and peaceful measures prevail. We are heartily glad of it. We have been pained in reading accounts of the sufferings of our soldiers.

Our soldiers, and especially our volunteers, should be treated in consideration of their services; they bear the heat and fatigue of battle, perform the most menial services of the camp, and yet are fed sparingly, charged unduly for their necessities, and subjected to many hardships under pretence of keeping up a discipline. The officers, meantime, are extravagantly paid, richly clad, luxuriantly fed and lodged and receive all the glory and gratitude. So it is, and we must console ourselves with the hope that the time is not far distant, when the "nations shall learn war no more," and when peace, with dove-like wing, shall encircle the christian world.

THOMAS D. JONES, SCULPTOR.

The following slight tribute to the genius of one who bids fair to rival Powers, we copy from the last No. of Hine's Quarterly Journal and Review.

"THOMAS D. JONES, SCULPTOR.—We cannot well avoid

calling the attention of all lovers of the true and beautiful, to the claims of this artist. He is now executing a piece of monumental statuary, which, if our judgment is good for any thing, will be as beautiful as Truth herself. The model represents an embodied spirit aspiring to Heaven, leaning against a monument with the head supported by the right hand, with eyes gazing with delight towards the skies, and with a countenance of ineffable sweetness, expressive of faith in God, and of a hope amounting to certainty, that we should meet after death in a world of purity and joy. There is portrayed a spirituality which seems to hold positive communion with sainted spirits in the spirit-world. In short, it is a work good to look upon, and we know not how an individual can behold it and share the emotions portrayed, without feeling his nobler nature improved. The work is an original design by the artist himself."

THE FOREST.

The forest, the green old forest, O who does not love it with its thousand charms—when clothed in the beautiful robe of summer—when alive with the music of nature? 'Tis there, within its very depths, that man can seem to hold communion, direct, with the Supreme—the Author of creation. Talk of loneliness—of desolation,—it may be felt in the city, in the haunts of man, but never in the forest, where every thing conspires to lift the mind above the sordid dross of earth—inspiring it with higher and holier conceptions. In the rustle of a leaf, in the murmur of a rivulet, in the chirp of an insect, in the song of a bird, there is music. In every tree, in every shrub, in every plant, in every rock, in every pebble, there is a lesson. Each and all teach us of an Almighty Creator. Each and all give us the two great laws of nature, Order and Progression. He who studies books will learn much,—he who studies nature will learn more. He who is lonely and desolate let him betake himself to the forest,—and, seated by some laughing brook, meditate upon the things around him. His spirit will soon feel the soothing influence of the change, for it will hold communion with the all-pervading spirit of nature—the Deity himself—the God of the forest.

MELANCHOLY.

The Hancock (Ill.) Eagle announces the death of its amiable and accomplished Editor. In speaking of him we cannot do better than to quote the brief but appropriate remarks of the St. Louis Organ:—"He was a finished scholar, and had traveled for years in Europe and Asia.

"All the citizens of Nauvoo attended his funeral, and many came over from Iowa, for the same purpose. In the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness, he has passed from among us. He was buried in a romantic spot lately purchased by the new citizens for a cemetery. The wild briar and the glen-rose bloom over his grave, and the sweet songsters of the air will warble their melodies around his pillow. There rests the poet and the scholar amid the associations in which his spirit so loved to revel when the world was fresh, and new and beautiful."

LONDON PAPERS.

We have received, by the politeness of Baillie & Co., the latest numbers of the "London Illustrated News and Times," and the inimitable "Punch." We notice among the numerous fine wood cut representations, one of the "Burning of the Quebec Theatre," and another of the sad accident on the great Northern Railway of France.

Much space is occupied in describing the movements of the distinguished guest of England—"Ibrahim Pacha." It is an interesting fact, that this prince is the first of the Oriental rulers who has condescended to visit the great northern nations of Europe and witness their "infidel" refinement. Strong has been the prejudice which existed towards all to whom they chose to attach the odious term "Infidel;" but time and a train of circumstances must have greatly lessened this feeling, to have brought about such a singular visit. The truth is, the Mussulman of this late day, is not what he was formerly. It is not strange. Surrounded by civilized and enlightened nations, prominent in their superiority of arts and arms, the Moslem character must become subject to their emanating, progressive influences; and such is the fact. Already do the "Pachas" regard with interest and favor the wonderful improvements of their "infidel" neighbors. It is said that "Ibrahim Pacha," in answer to one who censured him for employing the impious inventions of the infidel, replied, "I find no passage in the KORAN which proscribes either steamboats or artillery." Seeing the influence and re-

sults of these two mighty engines, it is but natural that the future ruler of Egypt should wish to introduce them into his dominions. This important personage has just completed his tour in England and France. In both countries he was feted and thronged by all classes of society. Not alone the guest of Royalty, we learn that, the far-famed East India Company, the Oriental Navigation Company, and various other associations invited him to their banquets. He lodged at a Public Hotel, and all had access to him who chose it. He wandered where and when he liked, over the vast city of London—he marked its enterprise, its commerce, its wealth and poverty, its industry and its indolence, and all he saw will have its influence upon him; he will turn it all to account, and we cannot but hope that he will return to act more liberally and humanely in carrying out the discipline of his government at home. The London Times of July 18, contains a portrait of this noted man, which represents him as an old man, of the medium size, without any very distinctive characteristic aside from that of dress. We had intended to notice some other topics of interest in these "Illustrated papers," but must desist for want of room. All, however, can purchase them, "cheap as the cheapest," at Baillie & Co's. 104½, Main street, Cincinnati.

THE FAIR ISABEL.

This work, being a tale of the Huguenot war, from the pen of Eugene Sue, the prince of novelists, has just appeared before the public and is upon our table.

It has been published by Burgess, Stringer & Co., of N. Y. We had seen several very flattering notices of it before we received it, and we are ready to subscribe to them heartily. It is a tale of thrilling interest, and we believe will prove to be a favorite work with the reading public. It may be purchased of Baillie & Co., at their neat literary Depot, 104½, Main St., in this city.

ACCIDENT.

On Sunday last, a Mr. Golding, of Lawrenceburgh, Ind., severely wounded himself with a revolving pistol. He had the pistol in his pocket and was showing the bystanders how readily he could defend himself with it; he would thrust his hand into his pocket, cock the pistol, draw it out and fire. While doing so, his thumb slipped from the trigger while in the pocket of his pantaloons, and the contents of the pistol were discharged and passed nearly through the opposite thigh, breaking the bone and wounding him so seriously, as to cause doubt of his recovery.

This is one more sad result of the carelessness in regard to fire arms, so often displayed.

THE NANTUCKET SUFFERERS.

It gives us great pleasure to notice, in our exchanges, the liberality of the citizens of Massachusetts, and other States, in contributing to the necessities of those who have suffered so severely in the late disastrous conflagration at Nantucket, in which about One Million of Dollars worth of property was consumed.

Several gentlemen of Boston have contributed \$1000 each, besides the many small sums sent from that city. Quite a large sum was sent from New York. The town of Duxbury, (Mass.) a small town, has given \$1000 in money; Pittsfield, 100 barrels of flour; Plymouth, \$500 in cash; Springfield, \$700, mostly in cash. We trust their wants will speedily be relieved.

☞ We commend to our readers the following sensible ideas from the pen of Cassius M. Clay, on WORK.

"WORK—FAINT NOT. There are times when a heaviness comes on the heart, and we feel as if there was no hope. Who has not felt it? For this there is no cure but WORK. Plunge into it—put all your energies into motion—rouse up your inner man—ACT—and this heaviness shall disappear as mist before the morning sun.

There arise doubts in the human mind which sink into lethargy, wrap us in gloom, and make us think it were bootless to attempt any thing. Who has not experienced them? WORK. That is the cure. Task your intellect—stir up your feelings—rouse the soul—and these doubts, hanging like a heavy cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear, and leave you in sunshine and open day."

☞ Girls, remember that the man who bows, smiles, and says so many soft things to you has no genuine love, while he who loves most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

Correspondence.

PITTSBURGH, AUG. 9, 1846.

MR. BENNETT:—

Having promised you, in my correspondence of the 6th of July, a brief description of the many curiosities of Marietta, you may think it strange in me to withhold the same. I have not done so from choice, but have mislaid my notes, and so must defer it for the present. I will, however, with your permission, give you a concise account of my rambles. I left for Zanesville, passing through the small village of McConnelsville—a place of no note, nor does it deserve much; the people, in general, are rough in their manners and appear to be rather indolent. The stage passes through every day up and down from Zanesville to Marietta, and it is easy to tell when it is due, by the dozens of men and boys who hover around the stage-house. The Hotel is kept by Mr. Porter, and is one among the finest houses in the State. Porter has few equals in his line, and among the few, I might safely class his brother and brother-in-law—Porter & Palmer, of Zanesville. All travelers may rest contentedly, when they find such gentlemanly landlords and well furnished houses. McConnelsville has a few of the best kind of philanthropic citizens—the B—r family, noted in Ohio for their zealous christian principles; there are other honorable names which I will not stop to mention.

I shall next call your attention to Zanesville. This place I was deceived in. I found it healthy, wealthy, cleanly, and intelligent as I expected; but so far as business is concerned, the town is very dull. I have been unable to learn the true cause, but there are several ways in which to account for it; and perhaps all may have a tendency to depreciate the Zanesville people. There is one class there, which has remained, as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, in their adherence to honest principles and have not grasped at every speculation which came within their reach. Well may the citizens of Zanesville rejoice, that they have a few such men, of sterling worth, to whom they may commit the interests of their tottering city. The laboring class of the city are highly respectable, but, as in other places, have not the influence and power which is their due. There is a feeling existing with a few of the would-be-aristocrats, that THEY are the only men of importance, and they have indulged in this feeling, until in their own estimation they belong to the "upper ten thousand," and possess all the privileges of that august class.

The better class of citizens in Zanesville acknowledge the imperfections of the rising generation; but I fear they have found it out too late to remedy it, in their day. The youth are now upon the eve of dissipation in every principle of the vices of the day—the two most prominent, are Gambling and Intemperance—the latter on the increase, while the former has been declared a penal offence in the State. I account for the apathy existing, by the fact that, so many of their citizens are engaged in that nefarious business; many of them, even church-members, are displeased with the gambling law recently enacted in Ohio, while the real CHRISTIAN rejoices, and says it would be a happy thing, if they could have some law passed in order to prevent Intemperance.

The Newspapers published in Zanesville are conducted with much zeal and moral principle, with the exception of one of their political organs, whose editors are warm friends to Gambling and Intemperance, and they are known and considered as unworthy, by the more respectable portion of their party.

But as unfavorable a place as Zanesville is, in regard to morals, they have, what few places can boast of, an honest, thorough-going class of farmers, who discountenance anything like dishonesty. The village of Putnam, on the opposite side of the Muskingum, in regard to beauty of location, wealth, and morals, is far in advance of Zanesville. The citizens are a strictly honest and humane people, and their donations, for the support of any moral enterprise, are far beyond those of Zanesville, although they have not more than one-sixth of the population. May Putnam always remain as a diamond to which the people of Zanesville may point and say, "See how our honest neighbors thrive." Many Eastern people have settled in Putnam, and are lending their influence to assist in the improvement of their sister city. They have no rum-shops, no places of suspicious character in Putnam, and very few citizens, if any, who dissipate at home or abroad.

I left Zanesville for Wheeling, Va., July 23d, and arrived there on the 24th. Wheeling is a city of considerable importance. I was told in Zanesville that this city excelled all the cities in the Western country for vice of every kind. I found it different, and at least fifty per cent. better than Zanesville;

and never since the year 1834, has Wheeling been upon a par with it, in regard to meanness and dissipation. Wheeling in many respects, is ahead of most of our cities. There is one firm there, (that of J. & T. H—k & Co.) which is exerting a benign and powerful influence in favor of the cause of Temperance. They are young men of wealth and influence, and their whole souls are enlisted for the benefit of down-trodden humanity, and they do their work without the fear of losing their popularity. Wheeling is known for its humanity—a place in which if a man tries to do right, he will receive encouragement; it is also a place containing much talent—many of the most talented men of the day reside here.

T. M. Gally, Esq., the eloquent Temperance lecturer, was raised in Wheeling; they tell me, that he was picked out of a brickyard, and that there are others in his family who are an honor to the city. Mr. G. is at present upon a visit at his father's house.

I left Wheeling on the 30th, for Pittsburgh, on board the steamer "Pilot," commanded by Capt. Hiram Kountz; she is a "tee-total," anti-Gambling boat, and Capt. K. is the first Captain who ever adopted the rule not to allow the officers of his boat to play cards on board. She is a pleasant, light-draught boat, and it is to be hoped that all honest men, who love morality, will encourage the "Pilot."

I am now at Mr. Varner's "Temperance Hotel," Pittsburgh. I have nothing worth relating, but will try and give you something of more interest in my next. G.

Selected.

WESTERN STYLE OF LIVING.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

I have been carefully observing the mode of living among the people of the Western States for a period of forty years. Great changes have appeared during that time. Of the forty-two years of my life, thirty have been spent in the employment of an itinerant preacher, affording me the best practical means of information. Moreover I am the son of a Western Pioneer, who was in the celebrated battle at Point Pleasant, in 1784, and subsequently identified with the Indian wars, till Wayne's treaty of 1795. Of course it is a matter of interest to me to note the changes in society of the far famed West; and it may be of some little interest to the readers of the Repository to see some of those changes briefly pointed out.

I shall limit myself chiefly to a few items pertaining to the style of living, which may serve to remind us that, while the real wants of men are comparatively few and simple, the imaginary ones scarcely have any bounds. I shall, however, not take into account the wealthy aristocrat, with his costly mansion, Turkey carpets, silver plate and thousand dollar carriage; nor the extremely poor man, who lives in a wretched hovel, on a floor of earth, and sleeps on his bundle of straw.—They are both exceptions to the general rule. My few observations shall have reference to the great mass of Western population.

What is now considered an ordinary outfit for housekeeping? A domicile with parlors, hall, chambers, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and cellar. To furnish these apartments, there must be Scotch or Brussels carpets, hearth rugs, brass-mounted andirons, window-blinds, ornamented or cushioned chairs, rocking chairs, sofas, sideboards, bureaux, ward-ropes, cloak-racks, wash stands, elegant bedsteads, with testers or canopies, dressed with curtains and valance, dressing-tables and mirrors, breakfast tables and dinner tables, with their tea sets and dinner sets of China and Britannia, and silver spoons, beside cooking stove, &c. Now this may answer for a commencement as far as it goes; but who would ever think of keeping house without a centre-table, richly covered, on which to lay the nice little volumes done up in gilt and morocco? which however being intended as mere ornaments, are fortunately seldom or never read. Or who could endure to see a parlor so naked, and out of all fashion, as not to have some mantle ornaments, such as artificial flowers, with glass covers, or some specimens of conchology and geological formations? Besides the walls must not only be papered, but beautified with portraits, landscapes, &c. These commonplace notions amount to quite a clever sum, though they are as few and economical as Western people of this day, who make any pretensions to being STYLISH, can well get along with. Indeed they form only a part of the numerous and indispensable fixtures of modern housekeeping. Again, to procure the viands, such as are in keeping with this array of furniture, and maintain a force requisite to serve up and hand

them round, and keep all the affairs of the household in order, will cost another round sum—to say nothing of parties and extras.

With this modern style I shall take the liberty of briefly contrasting the early style of living in the western country.—When a young married couple commenced housekeeping, from thirty to forty years ago, a very small outfit sufficed, not only to render them comfortable, but to place them on an equality with their friends and neighbors. They needed a log cabin, covered with clapboards, and floored with wooden slabs, in western parlance called puncheons, and the openings between the logs closed with billets of wood, and crammed with mortar, to keep all warm and dry—all which a man could erect himself, without any mechanical training, with one day's assistance from his neighbors to raise the logs. Usually, one room answered for parlor, sitting-room, dining room, kitchen and dormitory, while the potatoe hole under the puncheons, formed, of course, by excavating the mortar, was a good substitute for a cellar. As to furniture, they needed a stationary corner cupboard formed of upright and traverse pieces of boards, arranged so as to contain upper, lower, and middle shelf, to hold the table ware and eatables. In order to comfort and convenience, it was requisite, also, to have the following articles: one poplar slab table, two poplar or oak rail bedsteads, supplied with suitable bedding, and covered with cross-barred counterpanes of home made, one of which was for the accommodation of visitors, six split-bottom chairs, one long bench, and a few three legged stools were amply sufficient for themselves and friends; a half dozen pewter plates, as many knives and forks, tin cups, and pewter spoons for ordinary use, and the same number of shelf plates, cups and saucers, for special occasions; also, one dish, large enough to hold a piece of pork, bear meat or venison, with the turnips, hommony, or stewed pumpkin. All this table ware was kept in the corner cupboard, and so adjusted as to show off to the best advantage, and indicated that the family were well fixed for comfortable living. When the weather was too cold to leave the door or the window open, sufficient light to answer the purpose came down the broad chimney, and saved the expense of glass light; and as for andirons, two large stones served as a good substitute. The whole being kept clean and sweet, presented an air of comfort to the contented and happy inmates. It is true the cooking was usually done in the presence of the family, but was soon dispatched, when the Dutch oven and skillet were nicely cleaned and stowed under the cupboard, and the long handed frying-pan hung upon a nail or peg on one side of the door, while the water pail was situated on the other, and the neat water gourd hanging by it. For mantle ornaments they had the tin grater, used in grating off the new corn for mush before it was hard enough to grind, and the corn splitter, being a piece of deer's horn, very useful in parting large ears of Indian corn for the cattle. The parlor walls were sufficiently beautified by the surplus garments and Sunday clothes hung all around on wooden pins, the sure tokens of industry and prosperity.

In regard to property, if a man owned an axe, wedge, hoe, plough, and a pony to pull it, and a bit of ground to cultivate, or a few mechanic's tools, he asked no more; and if his wife had a spinning wheel, a pair of cards, a loom, and plenty of the raw material of flax, cotton, and wool, she was content. In those days keeping her own house was a small part of a woman's work—it was only needful recreation from her steady employment; for she carded, spun, colored, wove, cut and made clothes for all the family. Ladies of the first respectability then vied in honorable competition, to manufacture the finest and most tasty dresses for themselves, and the most handsome suits for their husbands, sons and brothers, in which they all appeared abroad with more exquisite pleasure than people now do in imported satin and broadcloth, and with far more credit to themselves and honor to their country. For coloring materials they used the bark of walnut, hickory, maple, and sycamore trees, together with copperas, indigo, sumach, point stone, &c.; and in carding for a fancy suit of mixed, they worked in scraps of colored flannel and silk to variegate the texture. Those were the days of pure republicanism, true patriotism, and real independence. All the money a man needed was enough to pay his tax and buy his salt and iron. When he needed marketing, he gathered fruit from his orchard, vegetables from his garden, and took a pig from the pen, or a lamb from the fold; or if he had neither, he took his gun and brought in wild meat from the woods. He raised his own breadstuff, and ground it in the hand-mill or pounded it in a mortar with a sweep and pestle, and relished it better for his toil in preparing it. Coffee was not then

used, except as a luxury on particular occasions, by a few of the wealthy. Milk was considered far preferable. For tea they had sage, spicewood, mountain birch, and sassafras, which they regarded then, and which I still regard as altogether preferable to black tea, young hyson, or imperial, both for health and the pleasure of taste. Supplies of saccharine were easily obtained from the the sugar tree or bee gum, and those who had neither, gathered wild honey from the bee tree.—When medicine was needed, they obtained it from their gardens, fields, or forests; but they had but little use for it. Children were not then annoyed with shoes and boots, or hats and bonnets—they went barefooted and bareheaded. It was no uncommon thing to see small boys trapping for birds or hunting rabbits in the snow without shoes or hat, and small girls playing about the yard in the same condition—all the very pictures of health. Reared under that system, young men were able to endure the toils of a frontier life, or brave the perils of a hard campaign in the service of their country. Young ladies needed no paint, the rosy cheek being supplied by the flush of perfect health. In those days I never heard of dyspepsia, bronchitis, or any of the fashionable diseases of this generation. Doctors were then scarce amongst us, and had but little to do. If a man was afflicted with pain or catarrh, and felt chilly, he drank herb tea, wrapped himself in a blanket, and slept with his feet before the fire. If he was sick, he abstained from food. If he had a slight fever, he drank tea of snakeroot, mountain ditney, or other sudorifics, till he started the perspiration. Or if he had a severe attack of the settled fever, after exhausting his store of simple remedies, he laid himself in a cool place, drank abundance of cold water, his wife or sister fanning him with the wing or tail of a turkey, and he committed himself to the keeping of a kind Providence, without being plied with blisters or dosed with poison. Calomel, the Sampson of fashionable remedies, was scarcely known here in those days, and people usually retained their teeth and jaw bones unimpaired, even to old age, or while they lived.

Many people, such as would be thought Solomons of this day, assume that their fathers and mothers were deplorably ignorant, but without sufficient proof or satisfactory reason. People possessed at least as much common sense forty years ago as their posterity do at present. If they had fewer opportunities for improvement, they made better use of them; if few books, they were better ones, or better read; so that, while our fathers and mothers knew less of newspapers, novels, and annals, they understood more of the Bible, useful history, and practical life. One fact is palpable, and should not be overlooked nor forgotten, that is, the present generation, with all its rage for education and improvement, cannot show any more eloquent preachers, learned jurists, able statesmen, or successful generals, than those which lived in the days of our fathers. What improvement there is in morals, if any, is attributable to the Gospel. That the "age of improvement," has produced vast changes in the manners and usages of society, is admitted; but whether for the better or worse, is another question, and one which would admit of much argument on both sides. While the modern style of living affords more luxury and elegance than the former style, it is attended with more expense and trouble, and exerts a more corrupting influence on society—leads to more idleness, vanity, crime and wretchedness. The pleasure of social intercourse is, I believe, not increased, but diminished. One example on this item must suffice. Call on a friend at her own house, and she is locked up. You must first apply at the pull of the door-bell, or the knocker; then wait a long time for the servant; and if not repulsed at once by the fashionable cant—"Too much engaged," or the fashionable falsehood, "Not at home," you must next send your name and request for an interview; and after waiting for a quarter or a half hour longer, you may obtain audience at last, though dearly bought with loss of time and sacrifice of feeling. Whereas, under the usage of former days, so soon as you knocked on the door, you heard the familiar response, "Come in," then by pulling the string which hung outside, you raised the wooden latch, stepped into the family circle, met with a welcome reception, received a hearty shake of the warm hand of friendship, and, being seated, felt perfectly at home as long as you chose to remain. Such were the days of simple hearted, honest friendship, when social life was unembarrassed by the affected and heartless etiquette of modern times.—[LADIES' REPOSITORY.]

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it more strange that they escape so long, than that they perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the timent that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of our life, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes the body, contains the elements of its decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world.

DEATH WARRANT OF JESUS CHRIST.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer, than the one which we copy below. "Chance," says the *Courier DES ETATS UNIS*, "has just put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians, that ever has been recorded in human annals: that is, the identical Death Warrant of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor, and is IN HEC VERBA:

SENTENCE RENDERED BY PONTIUS PILATE, ACTING GOVERNOR OF LOWER GALILEE, STATING THAT JESUS OF NAZARETH SHALL SUFFER DEATH ON THE CROSS.

"In the year seventeen of the emperor Tiberius and the 25th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Anna and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Prætorium, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—

1. Jesus is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is an enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the first centurion, Quillus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person whomsoever, either poor or rich to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are, viz:—1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; 2. Joannus Rorobable; 3. Raphdel Roband; 4. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus.

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side is written these words:—"A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1820, and was discovered by the Commissioners of arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples, it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the sacristy of The Chartrem. The vase is in the chapel of Caserta. The French translation was made by the members of the Commissaries of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language. The Chartrem requested earnestly that the plate should not be taken away from them. The request was granted, as a reward for the sacrifice they had made for the army. M. DENON, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the same model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of antiquities, &c., it was bought by Lord Howard, for 2,390 francs. Its intrinsic value and interest are much greater. A few years ago there was found at Catskill, in New York, a 'Shekel of Israel,' of the time of our Savior. On one side was the representation of a palm leaf, on the other, a picture of a temple, with the words underneath, 'Holy Jerusalem,' in the Hebrew tongue. Relics like these, properly authenticated, have about them an inexpressible sacredness and moment. They seem to blend two worlds, and to carry human curiosity from the finite to the infinite.—[Phil. Gazette.]

FORGIVENESS.

"How beautiful falls

From human lips that blessed word FORGIVE;
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth heaven: renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled,
In the meek lessons of humanity
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel."

KATE'S REPLY.

I'll tell you what I chanced to see,
(A quaint and simple story.)
Before I crossed, with dreaming heart,
Old ocean's gloom and glory.

Around me came three graceful girls,—
Their farewell whisper breathing—
Julia with light and lovely curls,
Her snowy shoulders wreathing.

And proud Georgine—with stately mein,
And glance of calm hauteur—
Who moves a grace, and looks a queen,
All passionless and pure.

And Kate, whose low, melodious tone
Is tuned by truth and feeling,
Whose shy and wistful eyes talk on,
When fear her lips is sealing.

'From what far country shall I write?'
I asked, with pride elated;
'From what rare monument of art
Shall be my letters dated?'

Julia tossed back her locks of light,
With girlish grace and glee;
'To me from glorious Venice write—
Queen city of the sea!'

'And thou, Georgine? Her dark eyes flash'd;
'Ah! date to me your lines
From some proud palace, where the pomp
Of olden honor shines.'

But Kate—the darling of my soul—
My bright yet bashful flower—
In whose pure heart some new bright leaf
Seems to unfold each hour,

Kate turned her shy sweet looks from mine
Lest I her blush should see,
And said—so only love could hear—
'Write from your HEART to ME!'

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

An exchange gives the following, for the benefit of juvenile readers:

1. Three little words we often see
Are Articles, a, an, and the.
 2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
As school, a garden, hoop or swing.
 3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun:
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
 4. Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand:
Her head, his face, my arm, your hand.
 5. Verbs tell of something being done:
To read, write, count, sing, jump, or run.
 6. How things are done, the Adverbs tell:
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.
 7. Conjunctions join the words together:
As men and women, wind and weather.
 8. The Preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.
 9. The Interjection shows surprise:
As oh! how pretty! ah! how wise!
- The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

News Items.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

The Steamer **GREAT WESTERN** arrived in New York on Monday morning, at half past 7 o'clock having made the trip in 15½ days. She brings London dates to the 24th, and Liverpool, the 25th. The news is not of much importance.

France is interested in a canvass for the new Chamber of Deputies, and the opposition expect to carry Paris and other great towns; but there is no doubt of a strong ministerial majority for the ministry in the general result. Peace, prosperity and Guizot are popular with the electoral body.

Spain is engrossed with the marriage of the young Queen of France and Don Francisco de Paula; and another cousin is about to establish a journal to forward their views.

GERMANY.

M. Flatwell, Prussian Minister of Finance, has resigned.—There is talk of a commercial treaty between France and Russia.

PORTUGAL.

There are symptoms of another revolt.

ASIA.

The overland mail of 7th June brings little of interest.—Chersan is to be restored to China directly.

There is trouble about the delivery of a fortress in the Punjab; Katekoga, the commander, refuses to surrender to the British according to treaty.

The new constitution of Switzerland has been adopted in Council, by a vote of 8 to 9.

The St. Petersburg **GAZETTE** gives a graphic account of the war between Caucasus and the Russians.

The Greek Government had discovered a conspiracy for the invasion of the country. The long pending dispute between Turkey and Persia has at last been settled.

GREECE.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKES.—A letter from Athens, of the 20th June, informs us that great disasters had recently occurred at Messina, in consequence of repeated shocks of earthquakes. The town of Micromani has been entirely destroyed, and the villages of Balinga, Gliata and Aslanago have shared the same fate. In the town of Nisi, a number of houses have been thrown down, and at Calamata even the public buildings have been overturned. In the country parts great mischief has also been done. Several plantations were completely ruined, and the ground has opened in various places and vomited forth torrents of water and mud. The loss of life is said to have been inconsiderable, but the exact amount is not yet known. The last letters received from the scene of devastation, to the 16th of June, announce that the shocks, though less violent, were still going on, and that the general uneasiness was far from being calmed down. The government sent assistance of various kinds to the Messinians, and subscriptions have been opened at Athens for the victims. Several persons spontaneously left the capital to proceed to Messina to keep up the spirits of the people. Amongst them was the minister of France, accompanied by M. de Ronjoux, consul of the Cyclades.—[Galignani's Messenger.

THE LAST DAY OF CONGRESS.

The following are the most important bills passed at this session:

- 1st. The Oregon Notice.
- 2d. The Declaration of War with Mexico.
- 3d. The Ratification of the Oregon Treaty.
- 4th. The Ad Valorem Tariff.
- 5th. The Warehousing Bill.
- 6th. The Sub-Treasury.
- 7th. The River and Harbor Bill.
- 8th. The French Spoliation Bill.

The seventh and eighth of the list were vetoed by the President. This session lasted 253 days and cost the nation about \$759,000.

The bill which passed the House, appropriating \$2,000,000 to effect a treaty and settle the boundaries with Mexico, was lost in the Senate by Mr. Davis speaking the time out so near, it is said, that no action could be had. The President vetoed two important bills, and in both cases loud complaints have been raised. His reasons for vetoing the French Spoliation bill, and the River and Harbor bill, are pronounced extraordinary and inconsistent.

We notice that Congress has left a mass of unfinished business; this was expected from the amount of time in the first part of the session spent in long debates.—[Cin. Com.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER PANAMA.—Captain Young, late of the steamer Panama, who came passenger on the steamer Sea, from Aransas, reports the total loss of the Panama and cargo on the 28th ult. She broke her steam pipe on the 27th ult. when off Aransas bar, when Capt. Y. found himself obliged to anchor, the boat leaking so badly as to keep three pumps continually going. On the 28th, at noon, finding he could not keep her afloat with five pumps going, he shipped the cable and went ashore on St. Joseph's Island. We understand the Panama was owned by Beard, Calhoun & Co., and is fully insured.—N. O. Com. Times, Aug. 3.

THE CHEROKEE TREATY.—We have no positive information as to the fate of the Cherokee Treaty before the Senate, but learn that it was said in Washington yesterday that it had been called up in a secret session and passed at a late hour on Saturday night. We hope this may be the case, as the deferring it to the next session would have the partial effect of prolonging the difficulties and disturbances in the Cherokee country.—[Baltimore Sun of Monday.

JUDGE GRANGER.—Judge Granger, of Saratoga, died suddenly, a few days ago, in an apoplectic fit, on board a Canal Packet.

COOK HEARD FROM.—Facts have come to the knowledge of our Independent Police, says the St. Louis Republican of the 8th inst., which induce the belief that Cook who murdered Reeve, in the Theatre of Cincinnati, passed through or by this place, several days ago. It is believed he took stage at Alton for Chicago. From the statements, there is no doubt entertained of his having been in Alton.—[Cin. Com.

THE CHOLERA.—The Cholera has extended to Aden, in Arabia, at the mouth of the Red Sea, where 4000 persons died of it up to the beginning of June. The disease is gradually extending to the European and African frontiers, and is much more fatal than in 1832 and 1833, being in the form of collapse, which almost defies remedial measures.—[Ib.

THE SPRINGS.—The Saratoga Sentinel says:—"The flood of fashionable life that has set in upon us at the Springs was never before equalled, and yet from the extensive additions made to our boarding establishments since last year, the most ample accommodations are yet to be found."

THE ELECTIONS.—The Whigs have the day in North Carolina as far as heard from. Kentucky has changed but little. Gov. Whitcomb is re-elected in Indiana by some 1600 or 1800 votes. It is probable that the Whigs have a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature.

ANOTHER STAR has been added to our glorious constellation, the Senate having admitted Wisconsin into the Union. The sisterhood now numbers twenty-nine. Little Iowa is preparing to take her place at the family altar, as the thirtieth. Where will the next come from? CANADA, perhaps. [N. Y. Sun.

¶ The N. O. Picayune states that the stone which San Juan d'Ulloa is built of, was taken from quarries among the highlands on the Hudson.

NEW YORK.—The state Convention, of New York, on Monday adopted a clause of the new Constitution fixing the pay of a member of the Legislature at \$3 dollars per day, which will not exceed in the aggregate \$300 for a single session. This will confine each session to one hundred days.

PENITENTIARY BURNED.—The Louisville Democrat of Thursday learns that the Penitentiary at Little Rock, Arkansas, has been burned. The prisoners were taken out, guarded by the citizens, and conducted to jail. None escaped, though one named Morgan, attempted to break through the guard, armed with a knife and hatchet, but was shot dead by the promptness of one of the prisoners, who had been armed and acted with the regular guard and citizens.

MISSOURI ELECTION.—The St. Louis American says: "We have heard enough from various portions of the State, to be satisfied that the Democratic nominees for Congress have been elected, with the exception, perhaps, of John S. Phelps, who came in a few votes behind Mr. Campbell, a soft.

Thirty-nine counties heard from, give a majority of 2,586 against the new constitution.

Spicings.

The Picayune tells a story of a clergyman who lately read the following announcement:—"I am requested to state, that immediately after service this evening, there will be a race just back of the church, two mile heats, for a purse of three hundred dollars; two nags entered, and some hopes of another. I trust you will all be there."

'Now, I ax you fellers who's the best citerzen, him as supports Government, or him as doesn't? Why him as does, in course. We support Government, we fellers—every man as drinks supports Government, that is, if he lickers at a licensed house. Every blessed drop of licker he swallows there is taxed to pay the salary of them ere great big wigs. 'Spose we was to quit drinking—why Government must fall; it couldn't help it no how. That's the werry reason I drinks. I don't LIKE grog—I mortally hates it. If I follered my own inclernation, I'd rather drink buttermilk, ginger pop, or soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism, and wirtue self-denial to the risin' generation.'

¶ There is a lawyer in Boston so exceedingly honest that he puts all his flower pots out over night, so determined is he that every thing shall have its DEW. There is another that is afraid to sleep alone, for fear the devil will come and get HIS DUE.

A western paper, in an obituary notice, says that the deceased had been for several years a director of the bank—notwithstanding which, he died a Christian, universally respected. Truly a strange circumstance.

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a bumble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his little fat is!"

¶ The Razor Strop man is in New Haven. A man got agry with him and called him a fool.

"Well," said he, "if I am, there is one more left of the same sort."

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a disconsolate widower, who on seeing the remains of his wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Well I've lost cows, but I never had anything cut me up like this.'

'I am not fond of such vanities,' as the pig said when they put the ring in his snout.

THE CASKET.

This paper will be issued every Wednesday, and will comprise two volumes per year, of over 200 pages each, with an index accompanying each volume—making it a desirable work for binding.

The contents will be mostly or wholly original, from the pens of some of the best writers in the country, and will consist of

POETRY, TALES, ESSAYS, &c.

All of which shall bear a high moral and intellectual tone; and the Editor pledges himself that nothing of an immoral tendency, nothing of a partisan or sectarian nature, shall be admitted.

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